

# THE DOLLAR WEEKLY BULLETIN.

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MAYSVILLE, KY., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1862.

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## THE BULLETIN.

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ROSS & ROSSER,  
Editors and Proprietors.

MAYSVILLE, - - NOVEMBER 6

### MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND.

The Despot's heel is on thy shore,  
Maryland, My Maryland.  
His touch is at thy temple door,  
Maryland, My Maryland.  
Avenge the patriotic gore,  
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,  
And be the battle Queen of yore,  
Maryland, My Maryland.  
Hark to a wandering son's appeal,  
Maryland, My Maryland.  
My mother state, to thee I kneel,  
Maryland, My Maryland.  
For life or death, for woe or weal,  
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,  
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,  
Maryland, My Maryland.  
Thou shalt not cover in the dust,  
Maryland, My Maryland.  
Thy beaming sword shall not rust,  
Maryland, My Maryland.  
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,  
Remember Howard's sacred trust,  
And all thy slumberers with the just,  
Maryland, My Maryland.  
Come forth thy shield is bright and strong,  
Maryland, My Maryland.  
Come forth thy dalliance does thee wrong,  
Maryland, My Maryland.  
Come to thine own heroic throng,  
That stalks with liberty along,  
And give a new key to thy song,  
Maryland, My Maryland.  
Dear mother burst the tyrants chain,  
Maryland, My Maryland.  
Virginia should not call in vain,  
Maryland, My Maryland.  
She meets her sisters on the plain,  
She hears the proud refrain,  
That baffles millions back again,  
Maryland, My Maryland.  
I see the blush upon thy cheek,  
Maryland, My Maryland.  
But thou wast ever bravely meek,  
Maryland, My Maryland.  
But lo! there surges forth a shriek,  
From hill to hill from creek to creek,  
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,  
Maryland, My Maryland.  
I hear the distant thunder hum,  
Maryland, My Maryland.  
The old lines bugle, life and drum,  
Maryland, My Maryland.  
She is not deaf, nor dead, nor dumb!  
Huzza! she springs the Northern snuff!  
She breathes, she burns, she comes, she comes,  
Maryland, My Maryland.

### A Tender Epistle.

Love is no dream, as the following billet-doux picked up in front of the post office will show:  
*My Dear Sweetest Dicky:*—I am so happy to hear from you so often—it affords me such a great pleasure. You always was so dear to me. I hope you will soon be dearest.  
You know that I never hinted nothing about marriage and never mean to—take your own time for that. I shall always remain the old saying, procrastination is the thief of time, but mother says nothing should be done in a hurry, except kitchen flies.  
The fondest wish of my heart is that we may soon become one. Do you read Franklin's Extracts?—his remarks concerning marriage is delightful. Our hearts be, they ought to be heterogeneous so that our union may be mixed as nothing—not like oil and water, but like tea and sugar. Truly I can feel for the mortal Watts when he sez—  
The rows is red the velvet bow,  
Shinner's sweet and so are you.  
Mother says matrimony is better to think of than the reality.  
I remain till death or marriage, your own sweet candy.  
N. P. I had a cuzzin married last month who sez there aint no true enjoyment but in the married state.  
P. M. I hope you will let me know what you mean to do, as there is four or five fellows after me hot foot, and I shall be quite uneasy till I hear.  
Your loving sweet,  
MARY ANN.

**POLISH PIETY.**—In removing to a new farm it is always customary in Poland to have it solemnly blessed by a priest. In fact God's blessing is invoked upon every undertaking, and trivial domestic arrangements and duties. No cook will as much as put a batch of bread into the oven without having first made the sign of the cross over it, to ensure a satisfactory result. One of the national characteristics is strong religious feeling, and an ever present conviction of a watchful Providence.

**Are you near sighted, Miss?** said an impatient fellow to a young lady that did not choose to recognize him. 'Yes, at this distance I can hardly tell whether you are a pig or a puppy.'

**Speech of Hon. R. G. Hutchens—The Political Campaign in New York.**  
*A remarkable and eloquent speech for the Union and Constitution, delivered at the Democratic Headquarters in New York—The Democratic and Abolition Rule Contrasted.*

[EXTRACT.]

Behold the present condition of the people, no longer a prosperous, mighty and free people, and an object of joy to despots, and of sorrow to all those who look on it as the hope of their future. This is the condition to which the theories of the Republican party have brought us. They have given us nothing in return, but have deprived us of the privileges that we possessed, as we believed, for our lives, and then to be an inheritance for our children. With all this most wonderful history of the past, to which I have referred, to glory in the midst of such unparalleled prosperity, while occupying such an imperial position among the nations—were heard the croakings of the ravens in the distant East. At first a little brood, but faintly heard and seen—black winged in plumage and ominous in sound—intermingling with the joyful voices of a happy people their hoarse and discordant and doleful cries. These black-winged and croaking ravens were the Beechers, Chevers, Sumners, Wilson and Seward, the arch-ravens of them all; who after having kindled the fire, now stand appalled and conscience-stricken before the terrible conflagration which is raging, and cries out: 'I am a conservative!' [Great and continued applause.] This black brood—prolific and birds of ill-omen always are—soon overspread the northern land. They bore with their desolation and death. They were the forerunners of war, carnage and misery. The chiefs of these ravens clustered in a city in the West, where they chose a leader of the brood and hatched an outwandering swarm. There they proclaimed a new theory of government, one prophesied a brighter reign of prosperity, happiness and peace than the country had ever before enjoyed. They predicted to us, under this new theory, a reformation not only in politics, and civil and social systems, but in commerce, trade, agriculture and every thing. They claimed that no longer would slavery be a subject of agitation throughout the land. They inscribed on their banners, as their mock-warriors bore them through the streets at night, and as they hung over the crowded thoroughfares, such shillaboths and promises as these: 'Free Speech,' 'Free Press,' 'Free Homes,' 'Free Men!' Prosperity unknown before was to be throughout the land, and peace was to sit down at her gates. [Cheers.]

What a sarcasm there is in the reality of the present! Free Speech! The crowded dungeons of Fort Lafayette, Fort Warren, and the Capitol Prison at Washington, answer this shillaboth of the election hour. Free Press! The Press of St. Petersburg, Vienna and Paris is the essence of liberty in comparison with our own. Free Homes! The boast of Lord Chatham, that the King of England dare not enter the meanest cottage of the poorest man in England, without the authority and warrant of law, is no longer our boast. There is not the meanest hovel, the loftiest garret, nor the deepest cellar whose doors are not liable to be broken into at this moment by the officers of the Superintendent of Police. Such acts would not be permitted under the reign of a Horatio Seymour! [Loud and continued cheers.] Free Men! It is the boast of those who live under the protection of the law, which bears proudly on its front, 'personal freedom,' that the person of the citizen is always shielded from illegal arrests and illegal harm. And yet, even in despotic France, where the civil law is supreme, which claims no strict regards for personal rights of the citizen, where the great protecting writ of *habeas corpus* is unknown, the person of the citizen is safer to-day than it is here—there—where there is no Constitution like our own, embodying and reproducing among other great principles, the great assertion of the Petition of Rights, that no person should be detained in prison without having a speedy trial—even there the great electors against the State, like Orsini, have a safe and speedy trial, and counsel can thunder, as they dare not do here, against the iniquities, the corruption and tyranny of the Government, without fear, and where an interference by the Emperor would be scorned by judge and jury, and would raise a revolution which would shake even the Imperial throne to its center. But here, where we believed was an inheritance of all those great writs of freedom from our English ancestors, who won them from King and wrestled them from Parliament—*Magna Charta*, the Petition and Bill of Rights, the *Habeas Corpus Act*, and even the Constitution of our land, which embodies and reproduces the great popular principles and assertions of those writs, are revoked by a Pennsylvania lawyer and a New York Foulche. [Applause.]

The Democratic party must save the country. The country appeals not only to a Democratic army, with the youthful Democratic General at its head, to preserve it against the armed assaults of rebels, but to the Democratic party to guard it against the no less dangerous attacks of the fanatics and traitors in our midst. It rests with the Democratic party to save this Government, which is drifting like a ship over the open sea, rudderless, dismantled, without even the smallest plea in the over hanging darkness to give light and hope, except it may be the faint dawning of the Democratic victory in the East [cheers] to lead and guide her—to take the place of the drunken crew who are on board of her, and the imbecile pilot at her helm, who, while she is fast setting into the deep, clings for safety to the broken and rotten timbers of the platform of Chicago, looming up in the darkness before them [cheers].

It rests with the Democratic party of this State whether this magnificent polity—the ultimate and consummate realization—this master-piece of civil structure—shall be lost through the insanity and imbecility of its present rulers, and the visionary theories of the Republican party, or whether it shall have a renewed lease of power, prosperity and grandeur. As the best eulogium of the

Democratic party is the past history of this country, so the best proof that it can save it, is that even amid the shock and storm of battle, it does not swerve from its own policy—that it still proclaims its old faith, and recites the articles of its ancient ritual. It proclaims no other creed than the Constitution and the laws, as springing from one based on the Constitution. It deals in no Utopian theories, but is satisfied with the Union as it was. [Great applause.]

Besides these violations of our Constitutional and personal rights, in place of the peace prosperity and happiness which these Republican oracles predicted for us, we have had war, bankruptcy, and mourning throughout the land. In the Senate house, where Webster and Clay taught those grand and undying lessons of patriotism for the youth of the country, have been heard the voices of the Senators of the Republic calling for war-leaders, the result of which would be the inauguration of a second San Domingo massacre. Under the Republican policy, within less than two years, this nation, which, under Democratic leaders, was reaching the acme of civilization, has been relapsing into the most ancient and the blackest barbarism. And while the destinies of the Republic have been trembling in the balance, and the people—especially the Democrats—have been giving themselves, their lives, and pouring out their money like water for the cause of a betrayed Union and a violated Constitution—the Republican Cabinet and the Republican Congress have been plotting and organizing disaster and defeat to the Union. It is the truth—calculated with cool, mathematical precision, how many lives of the noble Democratic youths, who craved their arms and sprang into the ranks of the army of the Union, on the call of a Republican President, they must sacrifice before they arouse them to the fiendish enthusiasm of themselves to demand a war policy, whose history will be that of the San Domingo massacre, of outrage and assassination of poor defenseless women and children of the Anglo-Saxon race, by slaves changed into demons of lust and blood. [Cheers.]

It rests with the Democratic party to save the Republic. True it is, that New York State is but one of the thirty-four. But she is New York State. She must lead in the great revolution of the nation, on which leads, so follow the other States. Her position will not be merely one of command, nor even of example, but one of command in the form of an official popular mandate. If New York State, with her commanding geographical position, her great banking, commercial, manufacturing and trade interests—New York, so cosmopolitan and continental in the characteristics of her citizens, with but little of the characteristics of New England, where Black Republicanism thrives and is indigenous as an element of fanaticism; with her peerless position among the States, declares for a change of measures and a change of men; let the Tenth of November be what the Fourth of July, 1776, was to the Republic—it is as important a day for our liberties—what the immortal days of our history have been to the nation, on which we choose our leader, Horatio Seymour. On which day, before the assembled representatives of the Democracy of the State of New York at her capital, he, the brave champion of the Democracy, declared that the Bastilles of the land must be leveled to the ground, the gags to be taken out of the mouths of the citizens, the fetters and cloths removed from the printing press, that there should be no San Domingo massacres to red-dens the land with the blood of helpless women and children, but from that day out there should be freedom of speech, freedom of the press, respect for the Constitution and the laws—that the war should go on with all the strength and resources of the Government sustained by the Democracy, but only for the restoration of the Union as it was and the Constitution as it is, and when these objects were attained, that the war should cease. Bachelors the hand writing on the wall, which tells them that the days of the reign of their power are numbered, they call us *Secessionists*. The thousands of our Democratic brothers who are fighting to-day by the side of the bronzed and begrimed cannon, with rifles and swords in their hands, for the cause of a betrayed Union, and a violated Constitution; the thousands of the unnamed, unknown Democratic heroes that sleep along the banks of the great Southern rivers, in the everglades, on the plains and valleys and on the extended seacoast, answer the charge. They call us the *peace party*.—It is a war party to restore the Union—to maintain the authority of the Constitution and make the laws respected. Whenever the people of the South throw down their arms, and desire to return to the Union, the Democratic party will be a peace party.—That prayer will be made by them, and that prayer will be granted unto them when the Democratic party, by her elected Representatives, ascends to the seats of power [Cheers.]

We must crush this party or it will crush us and the Union. It is an aggressive and despotic party. Permit them to go on in their fanatical, insane and despotic policy, and the results which they will present of that policy will be, if the forms of a Union be restored, one-half of it a howling wilderness, and the other half ruined by their corruption and profligacies, or a Northern confederacy. Think not that there will be peace or freedom. This party will find some other subject of agitation to feed on. In may be against the church in which you prefer to worship your God, or the country where you were born. And with this party supreme in power, after having crushed out the Democratic element and its spirit, the despotism under which we now live will be the essence of freedom in comparison to those privileges we will then be allowed to enjoy. We may have then a Red, instead of a Black Republican era. On the other hand, with the restoration of that old Democratic party to power, whose history was that of the country in the days of her peace, prosperity and strength, we commence a new national advance, equalling, if not surpassing that of the last three-quarters of a century, with an other era of prosperity, succeeding this era of the present—and enjoying what at least will

be a full recompense for the laborious campaign into which we have entered to-night, and what we do not now enjoy, the blessings of law, order, and civil and social liberty. [Great applause.]

**A DIFFICULT QUESTION ANSWERED.**—Can anybody tell why, when Eve was manufactured from one of Adam's ribs, a hired girl wasn't made at the same time to wait on her?

We can eat! Because Adam never came whinnying to Eve with a ragged stocking to be darned, a collar string to be sewed, or a glove to be mended, 'right away, quick, now!' Because he never read the newspapers until the sun had got down behind the palm trees and stretched himself, yawning out: 'Ain't supper most ready, my dear?' Not he. He made the fire and hung over the kettle himself. If we'll venture and pulled the radishes and peeled the bananas and did everything else he ought to do! He milked the cows and fed the chickens, and looked after the pigs himself. He never brought half a dozen friends to dinner when Eve hadn't any promegranates, and the matro season was over! He never stayed till eleven o'clock to a war meeting hurrahing for the candidate, and then scold because poor Eve was crying inside the gates. To be sure, he acted rather cowardly about apple gathering time, but that don't depreciate his helpfulness about the garden! He never played billiards, or drove fast horses, or choked Eve with cigar smoke. He never loafed around the groceries while solitary Eve was rocking little Cane's cradle at home. In short he did not think she was especially created for the purpose of waiting on him, and wasn't under the impression that it disgraced a man to lighten his wife's cares a little.

That's the reason that Eve did not need a hired girl, and we wish it was the reason none of her far descendants did!

**AN ENGINE AND TRAIN OF CARS THROWN OFF THE TRACK BY A REBEL BULL.**—Last week, as an engine, with twelve empty stock cars was coming up the North Missouri Railroad near Florence, an infuriated bull disrupted its passage by getting on the track and throwing up the dirt with his feet in a furious manner. The breaks were whistled, and the train stopped, but all to no purpose, as the bull obstinately maintained his ground, as if determined to dispute every inch.

The engineer started the train again, thinking that the obstinate animal would certainly give way to the iron horse; but in this he was mistaken. The bull lowered head and slowly advanced for the contest. The train was running so slow, that, instead of knocking the infuriated animal off of the track, as it would have done in full speed, it ran up on it. The consequence was the engine and entire train was thrown from the track and entirely destroyed, involving a loss to the company of between \$20,000 and \$25,000! A rather dear 'bull fight'.

### Stonewall Jackson Administers the Sacrament.

On the morning of a recent battle near Harper's Ferry, after a sermon by one of his chaplains, Stonewall Jackson, who, by the way, is an elder in the Presbyterian Church, administered the sacrament to the church members in his army. He invited all Christians to participate in this ceremony. A Baptist, the straightest of his sect, thoroughly imbued with the idea of close communion, was seen to hesitate; but the occasion, and the man who presided overcame his scruples, and thus it has happened that the prospect of a fight and the eloquence of Jackson made a Baptist forget that baptism is the door into the Church. In all Jackson's army an oath is rarely uttered. A religious enthusiasm pervades it which makes every man a hero. Conscious of the justice of our cause, and imbued with the strongest conviction of patriotism, his men are irresistible. In this incident we have an explanation of General Jackson's invincibility, and we are thus enabled to understand why his men are all heroes, and why they endure without a murmur the severest hardships to which any troops have been subjected during the war. When peace is restored, it will be honor enough for any man to say, 'I belonged to the army of Stonewall Jackson.'

Knoxville (Tenn.) Register.

**How A MODEST MAN WAS MISTAKEN.**—The Syracuse Standard says: In Lowell, at a lecture, a few evenings since, a gentleman, the modest man of his sex, and no less polite than modest was sitting in a pew rather remote from the light. A pretty lady sat next to him. Looking on the floor during the lecture, he espied what he thought was the lady's handkerchief, the lace trimmings edge just visible from under her dress. Turning to his pew mate he gallantly whispered, 'You've dropped your handkerchief madam!' and before she could reply he proceeded to pick it up. Horror! he had seized the edge of her pet-skirt, and did not discover his mistake until the top of a gentleman's head was in the face, and the faint sound of a laugh just nipped in the bud by the application of a real handkerchief, warned him of his mistake. Moral:—Don't attempt to pick up anything with lace to it before you know what it is.

**Beautiful is old age, beautiful as the slow drooping mellow autumn of a rich glorious summer.** In the old man nature has fulfilled her work; she loads him with the fruits of a well-spent life; surrounded by his children, she rocks him away softly to the grave, to which he is followed by blessings. There is another life, hard, rough, and thorny, trodden with bleeding feet and aching brow; a battle which no peace follows this side of the grave; which the grave grasps before the victory is won; and strange that it should be—this is the highest life of man. Look back along the great names of history; there is none whose life is better than this.—Westminster Review.

**If the medical dogma is true that 'like cures like,' the bite of a cat should be treated with cat-nip.**

From the Dubuque (Iowa) Herald, Oct. 23.  
**A General System of Plunder in Curtis' Army—Disgraceful Developments.**

We call attention to the extract given below from a letter written by a soldier in the army of the South-west, in regard to the complicity of army officers in cotton speculations and robberies. The letter was written by a young man to his sister, now a resident of an adjoining town, and was not intended for publication. We have been permitted to make it public, however, and do so on the assurance that every word is true.

NINE MILES BELOW HELENY,  
September 28, 1862.

DEAR FRIEND: We are yet under marching orders. This morning we exchanged all of the canister shot for solid shot, which implies that we have got some wall to batter down somewhere.

Last night our forces burned another little town just on the opposite side from where we are now encamped. Day before yesterday we took a transport and went down the river about eighty miles to get some cotton. You must understand that we confiscated all property which belongs to rebels in arms and whose sentiments are antagonistic to this Government, and that we have now in camp not far from two thousand negroes, contrabands of war—persons whom we use to get (or rather steal) cotton with, and of which cotton Uncle Sam never gets a pound.

Our camp is always thronged with cotton speculators, who seem to be very social and intimate with our officers. Well, to our trip down the river: The crew consisted of two companies of the Thirty-third Illinois, and one section of Captain Schofield's battery, twenty-five negroes, and a man who made himself very conspicuous after we were out of sight of the camp, and who afterwards proved to be the overseer of a rebel planter, whose son is a Captain in the Confederate Army. This overseer was on board of this Government transport, who after we steamed in sight of the rebel pickets disembarked, went to the picket guard, and in half an hour returned, when our boat resumed its journey and passed without being fired upon. Extraordinary, wasn't it? In an hour we landed at a plantation landing, where we took aboard twenty-seven bales of cotton. After this was done, and the cotton securely stowed away, the overseer and the Captain of the transport chained fifteen of the negroes together, when the overseer, thoroughly armed, drove them away. Next morning our boat was hailed by two negroes. Of course we took them aboard, for negroes are contraband of war.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.  
**Political Abolitionism—The Evils of Its Success Predicted.**

The Tribune office, New York, has been noted for its energy in getting up and publishing political pamphlets. Indeed, it is great on such instruments for enlightening the public mind, and issues them in numbers innumerable. In 1844, when the candidate of the Tribune for President was Mr. Clay, a campaign tract was issued by Greeley & McElrath, signed JUNIUS, from which we make the following extract:

'We are not fond of alarming topics, nor disposed to excite unnecessary anxiety.—But the evils of Political Abolition, rising up in the North, must be faced, and the consequences it tends to must be considered.—However averse the people of the free States may be to slavery (and we believe they are almost universally so), yet we can not but feel that this remedy of Political Abolition is worse than the disease, first, because the rudeness and violence of the treatment only aggravate it; and next, because they fear that the medicine, if administered as proposed, will kill both patient and the doctor. A dissolution of the Union would be as certain as any effect of moral cause that can be reasoned on. Nor is it likely that this would be the end. The political asperities and exasperations that would grow out of such a conflict, would themselves naturally be breeders of other convulsions; and it would not be strange if some CHIEFTAIN or chieftains should rise up in the struggle, to make slaves of all freemen, and bind in stronger chains those whom, by such means, it is proposed to set free.

'We are a family of States, bound together by a covenant solemnly ratified, which prescribes the rights of each. In this family, concord is beautiful; but family quarrels are the worst of all. Look at Spain. Will any one say that such a movement as the POLITICAL ABOLITION OF THE NORTH, does not put in jeopardy the peace of this Union, AND THE UNION ITSELF? And can any human foresight tell what scenes of strife it is likely to produce, if it should be encouraged to pass on its way toward the supreme power of the nation, which is its avowed aim?'

Political Abolition obtained the ascendancy in the North in 1860, and the consequences, as foretold by the Tribune tract of 1844, are now in part the country, in fearful and desolating certainty and magnitude; and the future may realize the prediction in all its fullness.

**BAD LUCK.**—A wooden-legged amateur happened to be with a skirmishing party lately, when a shell burst near him, smashing his artificial limb to bits, and sending a piece of iron through the calf of a soldier standing by. The soldier grinned and bore it like a man, while the amateur was loud and emphatic in his lamentations. Being rebuked by the wounded soldier, he replied, 'Oh, yes; it's all well enough for you to bear it. Your leg didn't cost anything, and will heal up; but I paid \$200 cash for mine.'

**A large lumber dealer, at Gardner, fell into the river, and was in danger of drowning.** Efforts were immediately made to rescue him by floating boards from a pile on the wharf. The drowning man, seeing that the boards came from his own pile, cried out to the men to 'pick for the wane edge pieces.'

From the New York Sunday Mercury.

**The New Belief.**  
Without comment, we publish the following devout production, coming to our table from a devotee in the city churches. That there is considerable human nature in it, nobody can deny.

TE ABRAHAM LAUDAMUS.

We praise thee, O Abel! We acknowledge thee to be sound on the goose.

All Yankee-land doth worship thee, ever lasting old joker.

To thee all office-seekers cry aloud, 'Flunk-kerdom!' and all the powers thereto.

To thee, Stanton and Welles continually do cry, 'Bully, bully, bully boy with a glass eye.'

Washington and Illinois are full of thy majesty and thy praise.

The glorious company of Political Generals praise thee.

The goodly fellowship of Postmasters praise thee.

The noble army of contractors praise thee.

The mighty Republican institutions throughout all Columbia do acknowledge thee.

'The father of infinite proclamations, thine admirable, true, and only policy.

Also Brevet Lieutenant General Winfield Scott, the Comforter.

Thou art the King of rail-splitters, O Abel! Thou art the everlasting son of the late Mr. Lincoln.

When thou lookest upon thee to run for the Presidency and deliver the Union, thou didst humble thyself to stand upon the 'Chicago Platform.'

When thou didst overcome the sharpness of election, thou didst open the White House kitchen to all believers.

Thou sittest at the right hand of 'Uncle Sam in the glory of the Capitol.'

We believe that thou shalt not come to be re-elected.

Nevertheless we pray thee help thy servants whom thou hast kept from 'Jeff Davis' and 'Foreign Intervention.' Make us to be remembered with thy favorites in office everlasting.

O Abel! Save thy people and bless thy parasites! Govern them and increase their salaries forever!

Day by day we puff thee.

And we exalt thy name forever in the daily papers.

Vouchsafe, O Abel! to keep us this day without change of Generals!

O Abel! have mercy on the Army of the Potomac!

O Abel! let thy mercy be upon us, as our trust is not, in Stanton.

O Abel! for the have I voted, let me never be drafted!

THE CONTRABANDS.—Now that the weather is growing cool, the question naturally arises, what is to become of the numerous contrabands in Washington and vicinity this winter? Will the poor wretches be permitted to starve or freeze, to death, or will the Government undertake to support and provide for them? Their present condition, even before cold weather has set in, is miserable and abject in the extreme. What is likely to be a couple of months hence, it is not difficult to imagine. Hundreds of the contrabands here have had already, quite enough of liberty and Abolition philanthropy. They would gladly return now to their masters and mistresses, but they have no power to do so, and, indeed, are not permitted any opportunity to carry such desire into effect. This morning about negro, rigged up in cast off army clothing, came to a door where I was standing and entreated to be given a job—anything by which he could earn a meal of victuals. I questioned this man and found he was from Frederickburg, having belonged to a well known lady of that town. Jerry (the negro) had for several years hired his time from his mistress, and was getting along very well as a caterer. In an evil hour he determined to turn 'contraband,' and came to Washington, bringing a hundred dollars in silver, his savings. 'This hard earned money is now all gone, and Jerry himself, sadly out at elbows and toes, humbly begs a little employment at sawing wood to postpone starvation. He is very repentant and anxious to 'go home,' but, according to his own statement, is not allowed to do so. He may not among the philanthropic Abolitionists, but can not be permitted to return to slavery.' This is one instance out of many which have fallen under my observation, and of thousands which undoubtedly exist in this city. What have the Abolition fanatics to say to it? What remedy do they expect others to apply?—Washington Correspondence of the N. York Express.

NO I AIN'T NEITHER.—'Look here, you boy, you're annoying me very much,' said a nervous old gentleman to an urchin who was munching candy with an infinite gusto at the theatre, the other evening.

'No I ain't neither,' returned the little urchin, 'I'm a gnawing this ere hunk of candy.'

Nervous old gent winked both eyes, and collapsed, while diminutive pantaloon 'chawed' and ground away with inexpressible satisfaction.

Wisdom is an ocean that has no shore, its prospect is not terminated by an horizon; its center is everywhere, and its circumference nowhere.

If you have a scolding wife, trust to time; old age may bring you the blessing of deafness.

It is to be feared that many a woman tears her hair ostentatiously at her husband's death, after having torn his much worse in his life-time.

What is the difference between a good soldier and a fashionable young lady? One faces the powder, and the other powders the face.

A young lady—a sensible girl—gives the following catalog of the different kinds of love: 'The sweetest, a mother's love; the longest, a brother's love; the strongest a woman's love; the dearest, a man's love; and the sweetest, longest, strongest, and the dearest love—a love of a bonnet.'



# IN. ROSSER, and Proprietors. VILLE, - - NOVEMBER 6

The premium on the Demand-notes has varied during the week, they being controlled now entirely by the rates on Gold. The closing quotation for them is 123@124. Kentucky Currency sold in the early part of the week 1 1/2 premium, but there was not so much inquiry for it at the close, and buyers were not willing to allow more than 1 premium. The demand for it is chiefly from parties who wish to use it in buying up Produce, as no other Currency will be received in the Southern and Western portions of this State. The agents of the Bank of the State of Indiana are still engaged in buying up its issues at 1/2 premium. The order for the issues of the Missouri Banks in good credit is still unfilled, and the party who has it is still paying a premium of 1/2 @ 1 per cent. There is considerable activity in Uncurrent Money, especially Southern, which is being bought by persons who anticipate a movement of our army, which will enable them to use it advantageously in the purchase of Produce, and the rates have undergone some change.

It is stated that the Governor of Ohio has suspended the writ of *habeas corpus* in regard to drafted aliens in the camps of that State; on which the New York Herald says: "This looks like a high-handed measure on the part of a State Executive; and whence Governor Tod received his authority to abrogate this constitutional guardian of men's rights and liberties is somewhat difficult to ascertain. The writ of *habeas corpus*, which was once considered of such inestimable value, has become a plaything.

THE GOVERNMENT FEEDING THE CURRENT-EX WITH MORE PAPER ISSUES.—The New York Tribune's money article says:

The Government is feeding the currency market with \$600,000 of paper daily. Under these circumstances no tightness of money can be feared. Our advice to-day from Washington are to the effect that Mr. Chase has no intention of changing the financial policy of the country; that he will continue to issue his legal tender Notes as fast as they can be manufactured, and that when his present authority to issue is exhausted he intends to apply for a further issue.

The Hon. Mr. Tremaine, in a speech delivered in Albany County, New York, thus truthfully describes the Abolition record. He says:

"And, now, Republicans, what is your record? The opposition of all these enumerated landmarks: a Maine Law, a nine-million canal loan, both opposed by us, and pronounced by the Judiciary unconstitutional; a metropolitan police bill, to punish a Democratic city; gridiron railroad bills; registry law, to trouble foreigners; the Chicago Platform, to drive away the South; emancipation in the District of Columbia; Confiscation Bill; Sedition Law; suspension of *habeas corpus*; arresting citizens on telegraphic orders from irresponsible powers; refusing to bring them to trial for pretended offenses; Hunter's, Fremont's, Phelps' and Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamations; establishing Governmental schools for the education of negroes; taxing the toil of Northern freemen to clothe and feed them in their indolence."

I. O. O. F.—The Grand Lodge of Odd-fellows of the State of Kentucky, met in Louisville, on Tuesday, the 28th ult. The attendance was large and the proceedings of a highly interesting character. The following are the Grand officers elected for the ensuing year:

M. W. G. Master—John Fish, Covington.  
R. W. Dep. G. Master—C. G. Cady, Maysville.  
R. W. Grand Warden—R. K. Summerwell, Covington.  
R. W. G. Secretary—William White, Louisville.  
R. W. G. Treasurer—G. W. Morris, Louisville.  
R. W. G. Rep. to G. L. of U. S.—J. W. Menzies, Covington.  
The following are the nominees for Grand officers to be elected at the next session:  
For M. W. G. Master—J. C. Sapers, Crittenden, Ky.  
For R. W. D. G. Master—A. H. Calvin, Lexington; J. G. Collins, Newport; R. K. Summerwell, Covington.  
For R. W. G. Warden—Fred Frisbee, Louisville; J. W. Campbell, Covington; E. Whitesides, Frankfort.  
For G. Secretary—William White, Louisville.  
For G. Treasurer—G. W. Morris, Louisville.  
For R. W. G. Rep. to G. L. of U. S.—J. D. Pollard, Frankfort; A. H. Ransom, Covington; Speed S. Fry, Danville.

GENERAL FRANK P. BLAIR has issued an address to his constituents, in which he distinctly charges General Fremont with treason. He says:

"Fremont was then plotting against the Government which had trusted him, and using the means placed in his hands for its support to work its destruction, and establish for himself a dictatorship upon its ruins. If his ability had been equal to his ambition, he would perhaps have sought to enact the same role now being played by Jeff Davis. The patriotism of our people and his imbecility, was our safety. When I represented to the Government that in my opinion General Fremont had not the capacity to conduct successfully the military command which had been entrusted to him (his conspiracy against the Government was then developed itself.) I was not unprepared for the indignation which this expression of opinion brought upon me on the part of the General and his California contractors and dependents; but I confess the astonishment with which the course pursued by the Missouri Democrat and certain other newspapers filled me."

Speaking of fashionable hats, should one say, 'the latest style' or the 'latest life'?

The shooting of the editor of the Dayton Empire may be looked upon as the effect of party hatred. A staunch and unflinching democrat, who boldly and fearlessly depicted the evils of abolitionism, his life's blood was made to atone at the assassin's hand. After shooting of Mr. BOLLMEYER, the excitement was said to be intense, a mob of several hundred persons collected for the purpose of taking the murderer from the jail and hanging him to the nearest tree.—The Mayor succeeded for a time in quelling the riot. In the afternoon the crowd again assembled, but no demonstrations were made. In the evening, about seven o'clock, the mob again assembled, and proceeded to the jail with two swiftness, for the purpose of breaking down the jail doors and dragging Brown from his cell to be executed. The guns were captured by the police, and the rioters quelled.

We publish below the testimony given at the Coroner's Inquest:

TESTIMONY OF F. P. CUPPY.  
I have known deceased for some time. His name is Bollmeyer—don't know his Christian name—think his initials are J. P. This morning when I was going home from market, I saw deceased and Henry M. Brown, standing near each other, apparently conversing. They were in front of Mrs. Stutsman's on 2nd Street. I first observed them when I was about half-way between Omer's corner and Mrs. Stutsman's. The deceased had one foot on the horse block, and had his market-basket resting on his knee, with his arm through the handle of the basket. When I had advanced to within ten feet of the parties, Mr. Brown said to Bollmeyer, "You did abuse me," and I think he said "last night," but can not be certain. Bollmeyer replied, "I did not abuse you," to which Brown replied, "You are a damned liar." I had then just passed them—but had kept my eye on them all the time. Bollmeyer then set his basket down on the horse-block and advanced a little toward Brown, who retreated three or four steps, and drew a pistol. Bollmeyer then retreated a short distance and turned partly toward Brown. Bollmeyer said to Brown "Don't shoot!" and held up his hands. I did not think Brown would shoot, but in a moment more the pistol fired, and Bollmeyer fell. Brown stood a moment—then turned and went away.

Bollmeyer motioned to me and seemed to be trying to speak. I ran to him and put my hand under his head. He said, "my wife," and I put my lips to his ear and asked him if he wanted me to inform his wife of what had happened. He nodded his head several times and smiled. I told him I would break the intelligence to her as kindly as I knew how.

Christian Breene and Mr. Crumbaugh came up and shortly after others. I asked some one to summon a physician and shortly Dr. Jewett came, and shortly afterward I went away.

Question by the Coroner—What was the manner of the parties during the conversation and interview between them.  
Neither of them appeared to be much excited till Brown called Bollmeyer "a damned liar." Then Bollmeyer seemed to be stung by the imputation, but he did nothing violent to Brown, nor was his manner as he advanced toward Brown indicative of violence. I saw no weapon in his hands. He made no effort to take hold of or strike Brown.

Question by same—How far was Brown from deceased when he fired at him, and how far were you?  
I should think about ten feet, and I was about the same distance, but in an opposite direction. [Signed.] F. P. CUPPY.

S. C. CRUMBAUGH'S TESTIMONY.  
I was returning from market, and when opposite the boarding house of Mrs. Stutsman, saw Mr. Henry M. Brown and Mr. J. P. Bollmeyer standing near the edge of the pavement. Mr. Brown on the pavement and Mr. Bollmeyer standing in the gutter with his market-basket on the left arm, and his right around the tree-box. Mr. Brown called Mr. Bollmeyer "a damned liar," when Mr. Bollmeyer set down his basket and stepped upon the pavement, but as far as I could judge, not making any hostile demonstrations. I was then standing not more than four or five feet from both of them.—Mr. Brown receded a couple of steps backward—thrust his hand into the right pocket of his pantaloons, drew forth a pistol and advanced a step, and at about the same instant that he cocked it, said to "God damned," or merely damned, "liar, I will shoot you." Mr. Bollmeyer exclaimed, "Don't shoot, Henry." I did not think that Brown would shoot, neither do I think that Mr. Bollmeyer expected that he would; but he did shoot, and Mr. Bollmeyer fell upon his back, his head striking within a foot of where I was standing. When Mr. Brown shot he was not over four or five feet from the deceased, and I was about the same distance, at a right angle, from him.—Mr. Cuppy came up immediately. I asked the deceased whether he was much hurt.—He nodded his head. I then examined his head, and after seeing the location of the wound, asked him no further questions. He was struggling very hard to speak, and made some kind of a sound to Mr. Cuppy, but not distinct enough for one to recognize the language.

Question by Coroner—Describe the manner and temper of the parties before Brown fired—was it angry, or otherwise—and what did Brown do or after the shooting?

Mr. Brown seemed to be very much excited, but did not think that Mr. Bollmeyer was unusually excited. He made no demonstration as if endeavoring to take a concealed weapon from his pocket, and as far as I could see, did not even fold his fist. Mr. Brown said not a word after he shot, but replaced his pistol in his pocket and walked away.

CARPETS FOR SOLDIERS' CLOTHING.—Savannah is up and doing in behalf of our suffering soldiers in Virginia. A public meeting has been held, and prompt measures taken to secure at once clothing for the army. Messrs. W. H. Wilberger & Co., proprietors of the Palaski House, have offered the entire stock of carpets of their establishment to be converted into covering for the soldiers. Some idea of the munificence of the donation may be formed when we state that it comprises the carpeting of one hundred and twenty rooms, and when cut up will make over five hundred comfortable and good sized blankets.—Mobile Tribune.

## An Eminent English Lawyer's Opinion of Our Politics.

EDWIN JAMES, Esq., of New York, an eminent English lawyer who has recently taken up his residence in that city, was called out at a late Democratic meeting in New York. After returning his acknowledgments he said:

"At present I have not become a member of any political organization in this country. I have become an inchoate citizen. I have taken out my papers, and at the proper time I trust I shall aspire to that which is the highest aim in a free country—to take my part in the ordinary questions of political affairs."

"Upon the other questions that are now attracting the attention of this country, I am forming my opinions. But there is one question upon which as an inchoate citizen of this country I desire to explain my opinion. I doubt almost at this time whether I tread the free soil of America—whether I breathe the free air of the American Continent, when I see the trial by jury denied, the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*, when I see persons immured, and it is declared that the employment of impartial counsel will aggravate their offense—when I see these things going on I must doubt I am breathing the free air of America. It was hardly possible to believe that a man could be here arrested by telegraph and without authority—it was things like these that destroyed every notion which a European had of liberty in the United States."

"I was amused, said Mr. James, in continuing, when the other day, a gentleman came to me—he was a client, and as I do not get many of them at present, I remember him very well—and I said, 'What has been the matter with you?' He said, 'I have been in Fort McHenry for two months.'—'What did you go there for?' 'I don't know; I was arrested by telegraph.' [Laughter.] 'How did you get out?' 'I don't know; I got out by telegraph.' [Laughter.] 'Where are you going now?' 'I don't know; I suppose they will give me a little change, and I will go to Fort Lafayette.' [Laughter.] There was but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous."

"The dream of the poet and the enthusiast in the brightest aspiration for liberty had been almost realized in this country, but how changed were circumstances now. I can scarcely believe—said Mr. James—that I tread the free soil of America, or breathe the wholesome atmosphere of freedom. [Applause.] He implored all his fellow-citizens to allow none—not the smallest invasion of their political Constitution. One precedent creates another; they soon accumulate and become law. The laws must flourish with our Constitution.—They grow out of it and will expire with it. You must guard with jealousy the bright inheritance of freedom, and transmit it unimpaired to your successors. Trial by jury, the right of free discussion, the liberty of the press, the writ of *habeas corpus*, are the foundations of freedom; they are the columns which support the whole superstructure of civil and religious liberty.—[Loud applause.]"

From the Chicago Times.  
The Practical Effect of Negro Fanaticism.

On Madison street, in this city, there is a boarding-house kept ostensibly for the accommodation of white people, by a woman of the Harriet Beecher Stowe Lucy Stone order, who has a growing faith in Abolitionism. Her boarding-house is kept in pretty good style, and is consequently patronized by upward of twenty respectable male and female boarders.

The mistress of the house always endeavors to care for the comfort of her guests, but never fails on a fit opportunity to advance her views on the subject of negroes. Her admiration of them seems to have increased until it amounts almost to infatuation. She reads all the Abolition tracts, including the late emancipation proclamation, sings all the Abolition hymns, 2424 daily on a ten-cent photograph of Fred Douglass, and each night by praying for the liberation and enlightenment of the whole negro race. A day or two since this fine female reformer determined to carry her notions into execution. She did so, and enclosed in one of her best rooms a regular African. The next day at dinner the boarders were astonished to find their new boarder sitting at the table. They immediately rose with one accord and withdrew from the room, leaving the shade and his admiring female to dispatch the dinner. The insulted guests held a consultation in the parlor. A pronouncement was drawn up and signed by all the boarders, declaring the affair to be an outrage, and demanding that the immediate departure of the African. This brought the woman to her senses. That evening the negro was gone. The experiment was a failure.

A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS.—Well, what of that? Who wants to be a mossy old stone, away in some damp corner or a pasture, where sunshine and fresh air never come, for the cows to rub themselves against, and for snails and bugs to crawl over and loads to squat under among poisonous weeds? It is far better to be a smooth and polished stone, rolling along in the brawling stream of human life, wearing off the rough corners, and bringing out the firm crystalline structure of the granite, or the delicate veins of the agate, or the chalcedony. It is this perpetual chafing and rubbing that sort of grit man is made of, and what use he is good for. The sandstone and soapstone are soon ground down to sand and mud, but the firm rock is selected for the towering fortress, and the diamonds are cut and polished for the monarch's crown.

THE MOVEMENT IN KENTUCKY.—"Never, since the war commenced," says the Green-ville (Tenn.) Banner, of the 20th, "has there been so grand and profitable a tour made as the one just accomplished by General Bragg. Just think of it, he has captured from the enemy, and purchased from the citizens forty miles long. His whole army has fallen back toward the Gap to protect this valuable train, and as it is now safe from capture, Bragg will retire with his army just where it suits him. The arrival of this train will play smash with the jeans one million in this country, as it is bringing one million yards of good Kentucky jeans. They also bring a large amount of clothing, boots and shoes, two hundred wagon-loads of bacon, six thousand barrels of pickled pork, fifteen thousand good mules and horses, eight thousand beavers, and a large lot of hogs. No wonder Bragg's army fell back to protect such a valuable cargo."

## Losses of the Two Armies.—The Balance Sheet.

The Richmond Dispatch contains a long and interesting exhibit of the losses of the two armies, from the crossing of the Rapidan to the close of recent operations on the Potomac. We give an extract:

The government has accurate lists of our killed, wounded and missing. From the Rapidan, all through the campaign to Harper's Ferry, they number about 11,500. At Sharpsburg, our loss was about 5,000. But suppose we had lost 30,000, as McClellan's lying reports indicate. Suppose, too, he lost no more than he allows, that is to say, 14,796 men, at Sharpsburg, and the preceding engagements. Still his campaign is an unprofitable one, for his losses are nearly as great as ours, even according to this statement. At Harper's Ferry he lost 11,500; at Sharpsburg, 14,796; at Harper's Ferry again, 3,000 killed. Here his losses are 29,296 in all—part ascertained from his own statement, part from the statements of our Generals—and he does not claim to have inflicted on us a loss of more than 30,000—balance in his favor, 204 men. He claims thirteen guns. We took twenty-three at Harper's Ferry. Balance in our favor, sixty guns. Taking the whole campaign, even on this statement, from the Rapidan to Winchester, it is enormously in our favor. Still more is it so when we look at it through the medium of other statements, combined with his.

Let us see what will be the result if we take our own statements for our losses and their statements for their losses.

Our loss in the whole campaign, from the Rapidan to the recrossing into Virginia, was, according to the statement of Mr. Crook, about 11,500 killed, wounded and missing. The Yankee loss at Harper's Ferry was, according to the own admission, the same.—These two then balance each other, and all the rest is clear gain to us. First, they admit a loss of 3,000 at Cedar Run; (they actually lost more—nearly 7,000.) Pope says they lost in the battle of the 23d of August, 8,000. The Baltimore American, or Star (we do not recollect which, but we published the statement at the time) says they lost 17,000 in all the campaign up to the second battle of Manassas, which would give six thousand for the battle of the 28th. Pope, we believe, says they lost 7,000 at Manassas. (General Lee, by the by, is proved that number or the field.) McClellan says they lost 14,796 at South Mountain and Antietam. Lastly, at the crossing, when they were attacked by A. P. Hill, they lost 3,000 killed, wounded and missing. Total, in round numbers, according to their own statements, with regard to their own losses, 42,000 clear balance in our favor.

But the real loss was far greater. General Lee paroled 7,000 prisoners on the field of battle at Manassas. Three thousand wounded prisoners who were captured by us had not had their wounds dressed on the third day after the battle. Every man who saw the field says there were at least five dead or wounded Yankees to one Confederate. Every man who saw the field of Sharpsburg says there were five or six Yankees lying there to one Confederate. A correspondent of the New York Tribune says McClellan lost 28,000 men there. This, we have no doubt, is within the mark; for McClellan has never yet acknowledged the half of his loss on a single occasion. His loss on the 14th all Confederate accounts put down as at least 5,000. Here, then, is a statement of what we believe to be very nearly the loss of the Yankees since Jackson first crossed the Rapidan:

From the Rapidan to 30th of Aug.	20,000
Battle 30th August	27,000
Battle 14th September	5,000
Battle of Sharpsburg	29,000
Battle with A. P. Hill	3,500
Capture of Harper's Ferry	11,500
Total	95,000

Such we believe to be very nearly the true state of the case. We believe that killed, wounded, drowned and taken prisoners, the Yankees have lost, in the campaign from the Rapidan, at least that number of men, and we give our reasons above for thinking so. How many more they may have lost from disease we can not say; but that the campaign has been to them a terribly destructive one, does not admit of a doubt. They pretend to have won a great victory at Sharpsburg. If so, why do they not follow General Lee and destroy his army. They boasted of their intention to do so, yet they have not tried it.

IOWA.—The Dubuque (Iowa) Herald of October 22 says: "Iowa may be safely added to the Democratic column. We have reduced a majority against us of 15,714 to less than 2,000, elected our local ticket in counties where last year we were swept by the board, and secured, without doubt, a Congressman in the Fourth District. Give us, gentlemen of the Democratic press, credit for what we have done, and be assured that we are still 'marching on.'"

The National Intelligencer, having accepted as true the assertion of the New York Evening Post that the republican party, having accomplished the object for which it was formed, (the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia and the prohibition of slavery in the Territories) has expired, has christened the successor of this republican party the military abolition party, because it seeks to abolish slavery by military force; and the Intelligencer might have added, because it seeks to abolish the constitutional rights of white men by military force.

A negro child was frozen to death about a mile and a half from Logan on Sunday night, of last week. Two children were driven from shelter by an old darkey named Arthur Jenkins, so rumor says, and after being exposed to the weather from Friday afternoon, one was found dead on Sunday, in a corn-shock. The other one, it is thought, will die from the effects of the exposure. Lo, the poor negro! The freedom to which the poor darkeys are invited by Abolitionists, is liberty to die in the open fields from exposure and starvation! How the heart sickens at the recital of such instances of human suffering. May God protect the poor and destitute!—Cin. Enq.

Some of the Abolitionists are abusing Gen. Scott because he advised the President to support the Crittenden resolutions. Any person who does not now wish in his heart of hearts to see the Union preserved, these resolutions must be either a fiend or a fool.—Louisville Journal.

The Irish definition of 'an open countenance' is not a bad one: 'A mouth from ear to ear.'

## BY TELEGRAPH.

Rebel Reinforcements Arriving at Holly Springs.

CAIRO, November 3.—Advices from Holly Springs to Wednesday say that large reinforcements from Texas and Louisiana are pouring in. There was no movement of rebel troops from that place, except Villipigne's brigade, to Meridian.

The people of Hernando are said to be moving their slaves and other property into the interior.

The Grenada Appeal says Judge John O. Campbell has been appointed Assistant Secretary of War of the Southern Confederacy, Vice Professor Bledsoe resigned.

The Federal forces at Island Number Ten again occupy the Tennessee shore, and are now constructing a fort under the protection of the Federal gunboats.

A dispatch from Jackson, Tenn., dated the 21, says: 'News received at General Grant's Headquarters yesterday from the South via Rezi, confirm the capture of Mobile.'

PHILADELPHIA, November 3

The Washington Star says last night the advance of the Army of the Potomac, under General Burnside, Fitz John Porter and others, doubtless bivouacked upon the line of the Alexandria and Winchester turnpike from Upperville, three miles in front of, or below Ashby's Gap, down to Middleburg.

The cavalry must be a distance of ten miles. The cavalry must have halted for the night very near, if not on the line of the Manassas Gap Railroad somewhere between Front Royal and Thoroughfare Gap.

The force of Sigel, which took up the line of march early yesterday, must have advanced upon the line of the same railroad to Thoroughfare Gap ere nightfall, if not beyond that point, while another division of the army in front of Washington, under Sigel, at the same time was doubtless advancing in the rear of Sigel, and at night within supporting distances of him.

Such, we judge from our knowledge of the country roads, &c., to have necessarily been the movements east of the Blue Ridge before Alexandria almost to the Potomac, reflects great credit on it. Up to 2:30 P. M. to-day, we have not been able to learn that the enemy had appeared in front of Sigel's command in any force.

We would have learned the facts had the enemy ventured an attack on our forces in that quarter, this morning. We think it now clear that Lee's look has been turned.

WASHINGTON, November 3.

It is said to-night, in military circles that Col. Guesche, A. A. General of the army, upon duty in the War Department, soon leave here for duty in the field as Chief of Staff of Maj. Gen. Rosecrans, and that he will be succeeded by Col. James B. Fry, at present Chief of Staff to Gen. Buell.

The entire army has been paid to the 30th of June, and a portion up to the 31st of August. The reason for non-payment as to the remainder is owing to the Treasury Department being unable to honor the requisitions of the Pay Department, the bounty and advance pay to the new levies having been first paid, and this transaction requiring all the available funds.

Gov. Curtin is here to confer with the President upon important military affairs connected with Pennsylvania.

Rear Admiral Dupont, in a communication to the Navy Department, relating the circumstances attending the capture of the British steamers Scotia, Angola and Dacchita, and the destruction of the Mohave, says the crew of the Scotia were in a state of intoxication, so that they became almost unmanageable, and Acting Volunteer Lieut. Conroy ordered them to be transferred on board the Restless and put in irons.

The Angola, when captured, was almost out of coal, and was sent by Capt. Gordon, senior officer of Charleston, to Port Royal to be supplied. This is the same vessel which attempted to enter Charleston in September, and being headed off, succeeded in making her escape through the darkness.

Boston November 3.

It is reported that Major-General Banks will have eight regiments of Massachusetts infantry, three batteries of artillery and a regiment of cavalry, as part of his proposed Texas expedition. The 41st regiment, Col. Thomas E. Conkeying expects to leave for New York on Friday.

A COUSIN OF JOHN MORGAN WOUNDED.—Major Wash Morgan, who was wounded in the skirmish near Frankfort, on the 18th inst., the mother of John H. Morgan, on Monday. Major Morgan was a cousin of John H. Morgan, and one of his most efficient officers.—Lou. Jour.

The old Republican party is now the 'Union' party. If nobody in Indiana, Ohio, and Pennsylvania is for the Union save this 'Union' party, in what a very bad way the Union must be.

The wife of William H. Perkins has recovered from the New York Central Railroad five thousand dollars damages for the death of her husband, which occurred by the accident at Saquoit creek, in May, 1858. The case has been tried in Monroe county, the defence being that Mr. Perkins was traveling on a free pass when the accident occurred.

Among the wounded sent from the battle-field near Perryville to Hospital No. 5, in New Albany, was a full-blooded negro named Pendleton, enlisted in Company I, Twenty-first Wisconsin Volunteers. He was in the battle and received a flesh wound in the thigh.

The redoubtable X, in payment for a cigar, pulled out a little swab of gummy, grey, dirty postage stamps. 'Can't you give me hard money?' asked the cigar lady. 'Well, Madam,' responded X, 'I have seen very little harder looking money than that!'

The Abolitionists are getting up a petition to be presented to the next Congress, asking for a law, enabling them to pick the feathers of the eagle on half-dollars, in order to make small change.

The New York World, a conservative Republican journal, refers to Cassius M. Clay as that "shining apostle of the higher law, who draws the salary of a Major General, and spends his time going about the country abusing those who pay the taxes."

'I like your impudence,' as a pretty girl said when her beau kissed her.

## ALEX. MADDOX, OLD STAND ON WALL STREET, GROCERIES, OLD BOURBON, LIQUORS

OLD AND NEW HAMS,  
COUNTRY PRODUCE AND A GENERAL  
ASSORTMENT OF FAMILY AND BUT-  
SINCE CONSUMPTIONS FOR CITY  
AND COUNTRY!!

A T. M. OLD AND COMMISSION  
Stand, embracing two large and elegant  
three-story stores on Wall Street, I continue  
to carry on, with increased stock and facilities, my  
long established business of furnishing Families  
in City and County, Farmers, Merchant and all  
others, most of the essential commodities con-  
sumed in life, all which I am selling at the  
most favorable rates for cash or such country  
produce as suits the market. Thankful for the  
liberal patronage so long extended to me in the  
past, and which has enabled me to offer greater  
inducements to customers hereafter, I respectfully  
solicit a continuance of their favors. Be-  
low will be found advertisements of a few of my  
specialties; but it would take up a whole news-  
paper to enumerate all the commodities of  
general necessity which I habitually keep on  
hand. No one can examine my stock and go  
away unsatisfied as to quality and price.

ALEX. MADDOX,  
Old Stand on Wall Street.

Maysville, July 17

OLD HAMS.—200 two year old can-  
vassed of a lot of some thousand of my  
own curing, still remaining for select use.

ALEX. MADDOX.

NEW HAMS.—500 canvassed Hams of  
my last year's curing, sweet, sound, juicy  
and of unrivaled flavor.

ALEX. MADDOX.

OLD BOURBON.—50 Brs. choice Bour-  
bon Whiskey very old, pure, highly flavo-  
red and of fine quality.

ALEX. MADDOX.

BOURBON WHISKY.—A large stock of  
pure copper distilled Whisky, from on to  
four years old, always kept on hand for sale low  
by Brl or gallon.

ALEX. MADDOX.

COMMON WHISKY.—An abundant  
supply of common Whiskies, at very low  
rates, always on hand.

ALEX. MADDOX.

FAMILY FLOUR.—The choicest brands  
always kept.

ALEX. MADDOX.

CORN MEAL.—From picked flint grain  
and carefully milled, ever on hand.

ALEX. MADDOX.

SUGARS.—Choicest Brown and White  
Sugars always on hand.

ALEX. MADDOX.

COFFEE.—The choicest descriptions al-  
ways kept in full supply.

ALEX. MADDOX.

TEAS.—Green and Black of all the best  
grades.

ALEX. MADDOX.

FISH.—Mackerel, Salmon, Herring,  
Sardines, Lake and other fish.

ALEX. MADDOX.

DRIED FRUITS.—Raisins, Apples and  
Peaches constantly on hand of the best  
quality.

ALEX. MADDOX.

VINEGAR.—The purest Cider  
Vinegar specially manufactured from the  
best orchards expressly for my select customers.

ALEX. MADDOX.

RYE.—Selected grain specially cleaned as a  
substitute for Coffee.

ALEX. MADDOX.

CHARCOAL.—Always in full supply.

ALEX. MADDOX.

CORN IN THE EAR.—Selected sound  
corn in the ear always on hand.

ALEX. MADDOX.

CORDAGE.—Hemp and Manila ropes of  
all sizes from a plough line to a ship's cable  
always on hand.

ALEX. MADDOX.

OKUM.—Choice prepared always on  
hand.

A. MADDOX.

LOCK AND TACKLE.—An assortment  
embracing all sizes of superior construction.

ALEX. MADDOX.

CHEESE.—The most select brands of rich,  
pure, butterfat cheese.

ALEX. MADDOX.

STONE WARE.—Every kind of vessels  
of the best manufactured earthen ware.

ALEX. MADDOX.

SALT.—Best Knawtha and Ono River  
Salt by the Brl. and Table Salt by the bag.

A. MADDOX.

COAL OIL.—The best Coal Oil for lamps  
at retail.

ALEX. MADDOX.

CANDLES.—Choice brands of Star and  
Fallow candles, adapted to all seasons.

ALEX. MADDOX.

SOAPS.—The best manufactured German,  
Kosin, country-made, for washing clothes,  
scrubbing, &c., and choice toilet and perfum-  
ed varieties.

ALEX. MADDOX.

CHOICE IMPORTED FRENCH BRANDY.—  
I have bought out John A. Coburn's  
stock of choice Brandy selected by himself in  
France,



# THE BULLETIN.

OFFICE—Second Street, Opposite  
Caldwell's Photograph Gallery.

MAYSVILLE, THURSDAY, NOV. 6

The river at this point is rising slowly. The mail boats now make their trips promptly up to time. At Pittsburg the river is three feet and rising.

The Suffolk County Bank, at Sag Harbor, was broken open on Saturday night and robbed of \$13,500; \$8,000 in bills and the balance in bonds. \$1,000 is offered for the detection of the burglars and the recovery of the money.

It is reported that Mr. Thurlow Weed will soon make another semi-official visit to Europe.

Madame Anna Bishop, the celebrated singer, was burned in St. Paul, on Wednesday of last week, by her clothes taking fire, from the effect of which she died on the Friday following.

Gen. Cass authorizes the Detroit Free Press to contradict the report that he approves the President's abolition proclamation.

SHINPLASTERS.—The United States Marshal of Connecticut has ordered all persons or corporations that have issued fractional bills or checks for circulation of currency to stop the business, and call in such paper as they have out, without delay.

The Houston Telegraph says the State of Texas, out of a voting population of sixty-five thousand, has now sixty-four regiments in the field, many of which number over one thousand, and to some have been sent as many as one thousand five hundred men. Texas is clearly entitled to be considered the banner State.

ELEVENTH DISTRICT.—In the Eleventh Congressional District, Ind., Mr. McDowell Democrat, is elected to Congress by a majority of 1,210 over his Abolition competitor, who was elected two years ago by 2,000 majority.

The Madison House, Cincinnati.  
This well established Hotel, on Main, between Front and Columbia streets, is still growing in popular favor. The enterprising proprietor, Mr. J. W. GARRISON, spares neither pains or expense to accommodate his transient and permanent guests. Mr. SAM. ARMSTRONG, in the office, is the right man in the right place, and the team together deserves the patronage of an appreciative public.

Cheap Clothing!  
We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of BLUM & HECKINGER, who is now opening up a splendid stock of READY-MADE CLOTHING, and other goods in their line, and are offering such inducements to customers as have never been seen in the seven acre city. Read their advertisement, in to-day's paper, and repair forthwith and purchase; bearing in mind the truth of the old proverb, that "he who advertises must sell cheapest," and that "a man who is too selfish to advertise, is too penurious to sell any description of goods at a reasonable price." That's true as preaching! So go to BLUM & HECKINGER and buy what you need in their line.

We understand that the Son of Mr. JAMES POWER, of Aberdeen, was so severely wounded on Saturday night, that he died from the effects of the wounds the following morning. While guarding his father's garden, he accidentally discharged his gun, the entire contents taking effect in his head. He was alone at the time of the accident.

ALEX. H. STEPHENS, the Vice President of the Confederate States, has written a letter commendatory of the exercise of Martial Law in the Confederate States.

The order appropriating the Masonic Temple, at Louisville, as a Military Hospital has been re-cinded.

TOBACCO.—The tobacco season of 1861-62 closed with the sales of yesterday. The sales of the season, at the three warehouses in this city, were as follows:

	Hhds.
Pickett, :	14,360
Ninth street, :	7,802
Boone, :	6,686

Total sales of the season : 28,908  
Louisville Journal, 1st.

Lost.—On last Monday evening, some where between Mr. Brickell's Office and the First Tolle-Gate on the Flemingsburg pike, Seven Silver plated Forks. The finder will be liberally rewarded by leaving them at this Office.

Cleveland (G) Plain Dealer, says: The late defeat of the Republican party in this State, was not owing to the fact that so many of its followers were absent in the army; but because the draft frightened such a host of them into Canada to avoid it.

'Caught in her own net,' as the man said when he saw one of the fair sex bunched in her crinoline.

When may a man be said to be 'dressed in borrowed plumes?' When he is tarred and feathered.

'Welcome Little Stranger!' as the man said when he found the three cent piece among his postage stamps.

Socrates, seeing a scolding wife who had hanged herself on a tree exclaimed, 'Oh, that all trees should bear such fruit!'

## Southern News.

THE BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE—GENERAL BRAGG'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

Headquarters Department No. 2,  
BRYANTSVILLE, KY., Oct. 12, 1862.  
SIR: Finding the enemy pressing heavily in his rear, near Perryville, Major General Hardee, of P. Lk's command, was obliged to hold and check him at that point. Having arrived at Harrodsburg from Frankfort, I determined to give him battle there, and accordingly concentrated three divisions of my command—the Army of the Mississippi, now under Major General Polk, Cheatham's Buckners and Anderson's—and directed General Polk to take command on the 7th, and attack the enemy next morning. Withers division had gone the day before to support Smith. Hearing, on the night of the 7th, that the force in front of Smith had rapidly retreated, I moved early next morning, to be present at the operations of Polk's forces.

The two armies were formed confronting each other on opposite sides of the town of Perryville. After consulting the General, and reconnoitering the ground and examining his disposition, I declined to assume the command, but suggested some changes and modifications of his arrangements, which he promptly adopted. The action opened at half-past twelve P. M., between the skirmishers and artillery on both sides. Finding the enemy indisposed to advance upon us, and knowing he was receiving heavy reinforcements, I deemed it best to assail him vigorously, and so directed.

The engagement became general soon thereafter, and was continued furiously from that time to dark, our troops never faltering and never failing in their efforts. For the time engaged it was the severest and most desperately contested engagement within my knowledge. Fearfully outnumbered, our troops did not hesitate to engage at any odds, and, though checked at times, they eventually carried every position, and drove the enemy about two miles. But for the intervention of night we should have completed the work. We had captured fifteen pieces of artillery by the most daring charges, killed one and wounded two Brigadier Generals, and a very large number of inferior officers and men estimated at no less than four thousand, and captured four hundred prisoners, including three staff officers with servants, carriage and baggage of Major General McCook.

The ground was literally covered with the dead and wounded. In such a contest our own loss was necessarily severe—probably not less than 2,500 killed, wounded and missing. Included in the wounded are Brigadier Generals Wood, Cheatham, and Brown—gallant and noble soldiers whose loss will be sorely felt by their commands. To Major General Polk, commanding the force, Major General Hardee, commanding the left wing, two divisions, and Major General Cheatham, Buckner and Anderson, commanding divisions, is mainly due the brilliant achievements of this memorable field. Nobler troops were never more gallantly led. The country owes them a debt of gratitude which I am sure will be acknowledged.

Ascertaining that the enemy was heavily reinforced during the night, I withdrew my force early the next morning to Harrodsburg, and thence to this point. Major General Smith arrived at Harrodsburg with most of his force and Withers division the next day, the 10th, and yesterday I withdrew the whole to this point, the enemy following slowly, but not pressing us.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant.

BRAXTON BRAGG,  
General Commanding.

MARRIED.  
In this city, on 29th ult., by Rev. George W. Coons, JOHN C. CLAYPOOL of Charleston, Va., to Miss ELIZA C. BLAINE, daughter of S. L. BLAINE.

DIED.  
In this city, on the 26th ult., of Consumption, JAMES B. BLAND, in the 32nd year of his age.  
In Washington City, on the 25th ult., of Malarial Fever, Lieut. JAS. W. DUNE, U. S. A., aged 19 years and 7 months.

STILL AHEAD! AND STILL AHEAD!

BLUM & HECKINGER,  
OF THE  
GREAT WESTERN CLOTHING HOUSE!

TAKE THE PLEASURE OF INFORMING our patrons and the public generally, that we have again returned from the East, with a large and well selected stock of

Fall and Winter Clothing,

Consisting of a thorough assortment of OVER COATS.

DRESS COATS,  
BUSINESS COATS,  
PANTS and VESTS,

and having bought our stock early in the Season, we are enabled still to sell them at the old prices. We call particular attention to the Stock of Piece Goods consisting of

CLOTHS, DOESKINS, CASSIMERES,

VESTINGS, &c., &c.,

which you will know and justly celebrated CUTTING JERRY F. YOUNG, will make up to order in his usual excellent style.

We also call the attention of the public to our complete assortment of

GENT'S FURNISHING GOOD

consisting of fine SHIRTS which by the way have gained quite a celebrity with those that wear them. FINE SUSPENDERS, UNDERSHIRTS, DRAWERS, GLOVES, SOCKS, &c.

Always on hand an assortment of TRUNKS, VALISES and CARPET BAGS.

Give us a call and judge for yourselves.

BLUM & HECKINGER,  
Nov. 6, 1862-ly. Maysville, Ky.

WHEN YOU COME TO THE CITY

STOP AT THE

DONIPHAN HOUSE!

WHERE YOU CAN GET

YOUR MEALS FOR 35 CENTS!!

[October 30th 1862]

## Commercial.

MAYSVILLE MARKET.

THURSDAY, NOV. 6, 1862.

SUGAR New Orleans, 13 to 14c.  
MOLASSES—New Orleans, Bbls. 65c.; Half Bbls. 70c.  
COFFEE 30 to 31 with upward tendency.  
WHEAT—Red 90c.; White 95 to 96c.  
FLOUR—Selling at from \$5.45 to \$5.75.  
WHISKY.—Market firm Nelson's extra selling at 87c.  
Crush Sugar, 15c.  
Gran " 15c.  
Loaf " 15c.  
RACONS.—Sides 5c; Hams 6c; Shoulders 8 1/2 cts.  
LARD.—4 1/2 cts. per lb.  
HEMP.—\$1.75 per ton.  
TOBACCO.—Selling at 8 1/2 to 10c.  
MACKEREL.—Bbls. No. 2, \$10; Half bbls. 5.50.  
QUARTERS \$3.25.  
SALT.—10 lb. bushel.  
IRON.—Bar Iron 2 1/2; Nail Iron 6 1/2; Horse Shoe 3 1/2; 3 1/2; 3 1/2.  
NAILS.—\$1.50 for 10d.  
RICE.—9c. per lb.  
FEATHERS.—32 cents lbs.

## WHOLESALE DRY GOODS STOCK!

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED

FIFTY PACKAGES DRY GOODS!

Embracing English, French & American Prints, Brown and Bleached Muslins, Canton Flannels, Apron Checks, Plaid Linseys, Shaker Flannels, Red Ticks, Shirting, Stripes, Gray and Scarlet Flannels, Mousseline Delaines, Embroideries, Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Hosiery and Notions generally. Terms Wholesale and Retail for CASH ONLY.

M. R. BURGESS & SON.

Maysville, Ky., October 2nd, 1862.

## NEW

## WHOLESALE HOUSE

## DRY GOODS

## AND

## NOTIONS!

M. R. BURGESS & SON,

Second Street,

MAYSVILLE, KY.

WILL OPEN IN THE UPPER ROOMS

OF THE

Sensation Store!

A CASH JOBBING HOUSE!

THEIR Stock will be kept complete in every department of STAPLE DRY GOODS. White Goods, Notions, Hats and Caps, Hosiery, Linens, Embroideries, &c., and will be enriched by weekly receipts from the New York Auction Sales of FRENCH and ENGLISH DRESS GOODS at great reductions on regular prices. Merchants may rely on getting their Staple Goods by the PIECE or PACKAGE, and their FANCY GOODS by the SINGLE PATTERN, at the lowest wholesale prices for CASH. Particular attention will be paid to orders.  
Aug. 25 M. R. BURGESS & SON.

## SHIRTS.

BALLOU'S PATENTED IMPROVED FRENCH YOKES SHIRTS. Received this day by the case from the manufacturers, and for sale wholesale and retail. Terms Cash.  
Aug. 25 M. R. BURGESS & SON.

When you arrive at Cincinnati

STOP AT THE

MADISON HOUSE,

Main Street Between Front & Columbia,

J. W. GARRISON, Proprietor.

E. C. PHISTER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

OFFICE ON THE WEST SIDE OF COURT ST.

MAYSVILLE, KY.

August 14, 1862.

## MAYSVILLE

## Literary Institute!

THE next Session of the Male Department of this Institute, will commence the 1st Monday in September. It is designed during the coming year to make the course of instruction thorough and systematic. Competent teachers will be procured as the interest of the School demands. This school having been chartered with collegiate privileges, young men who desire it and are sufficiently advanced, can pursue the regular studies of the College course, and receive the degree of A. B. at its completion. Board can be obtained in the family of the Principal. For further particulars, inquire of M. H. SMITH, Principal.  
August 14-1m

## DONIPHAN HOUSE,

(FORMERLY THE PARKER HOUSE.)

Between Sutton and Wall Streets,

MAYSVILLE, - - - - KENTUCKY

A. DONIPHAN, Proprietor

THE ONLY ONE DOLLAR DAY HOUSE IN THE CITY.

Travelers are respectfully requested to give it a trial.

Daily Stages leave the door for all points in the interior. [June 19, 1862-ly.]

VINEGAR.

35 barrels of Pure Cider Vinegar, for sale by June 19, H. C. LLOYD.

## Negroes Wanted.

WANTED TO EXCHANGE TWO HUNDRED ACRES OF WESTERN LAND, in Livingston County, Missouri, for good likely negroes. The owner has refused \$2,000 for the land. Apply at the BULLETIN OFFICE July 31, 1862.

## JOB PRINTING!

Plain and Fancy Job Printing

NEATLY EXECUTED AT THE

## Bulletin Office!

This department of our Establishment is now complete, and inferior to none in Kentucky. We are prepared to meet all orders, of any and every description, promptly and on short notice and at prices greatly reduced from those of former year.

To one and all we would say hand in your Orders as we will neither be excelled in

## LOW PRICES!

## STYLE OF WORKMANSHIP!!

## NEW

## GRAIN, GROCERY,

## AND

## COMMISSION HOUSE,

Corner of 3rd & Market Streets,

MAYSVILLE, - - KENTUCKY.

I HAVE JUST OPENED A GRAIN,

GROCERY AND COMMISSION STORE in the house formerly occupied by Jas. C. Brookover, north-east Corner of Third & Market Streets.

I will pay the highest market price in cash for WHEAT, RYE and BARLEY.

I have just received a full stock of Groceries, Sugar, Molasses, Coffee, Tea, Rice, Fish, Tobacco, &c., &c., together with a general assortment of all articles in the Grocery line, all warranted to be of the best quality. My goods have been bought exclusively for Cash, and will be sold for Cash or Country Produce, at very small profits.

I have also on hand a large stock of PURE OLD BOURBON WHISKY.

Commission, Storage & Forwarding Business attended to with promptness.

All persons desirous of getting the worth of their money, will please give me a call.

June 19th, 1862. BEN PHISTER.

CRUSHED, Powdered and Granulated Sugar, of best quality, in store and for sale low by BEN PHISTER.

June 19 Cor. 3rd & Market streets.

SYRUP.—Philadelphia and Baltimore Syrups, in barrels, half barrels and 1-lb. cans, for sale low by BEN PHISTER.

June 19 Cor. 3rd & Market streets.

TOBACCO of all grades and prices, for sale by BEN PHISTER.

June 19 Cor. 3rd & Market streets.

VINEGAR of the best quality, for sale by BEN PHISTER.

June 19.

WHISKY a very choice article for harvest use, for sale low by BEN PHISTER.

June 19 BEN PHISTER.

APPLE BRANDY—old and mellow of best quality, in store and for sale by BEN PHISTER.

June 19 BEN PHISTER.

SALT—in store and arriving, for sale at lowest rates, by BEN PHISTER.

June 19 BEN PHISTER.

FISH.—Mackerel and White Fish, in barrels, 1-lb. barrels, quarter barrels and kits, of best brands for sale at lowest rates by BEN PHISTER.

June 19 BEN PHISTER.

TEA—a very superior article, the best imported, in store and for sale by BEN PHISTER.

June 19 BEN PHISTER.

RICE—the pure Carolina Rice, for sale by BEN PHISTER.

June 19 BEN PHISTER.

CANDLES.—Star & Sun Brand Candles, of best quality, in store and for sale by BEN PHISTER.

June 19 BEN PHISTER.

SOAP & STARCH, of best brands, for sale low by BEN PHISTER.

June 19 BEN PHISTER.

BACON WANTED.—I am buying clear sides at highest cash prices. BEN PHISTER.

June 19 BEN PHISTER.

WHEAT, RYE & BARLEY WANTED.—I am constantly in the market and paying highest prices. BEN PHISTER.

June 19 Cor. 3rd & Market street.

J. C. ADAMS,

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,

GREENUPBURG, KY.

WILL continue to Practice in the Circuit Courts of Kentucky, and will attend promptly to all business that may be intrusted to his care, and special and prompt attention will be given to collections.

His selection to the office of Presiding Judge of the County Court and Judge of the Quarterly Court, does not interfere with his practice in the Circuit Courts.

## Fine Gold Watches

## AND

## JEWELRY!!

THE undersigned beg leave to state that we have just received a large stock of Watches and Jewelry consisting in part of the following articles viz: Gold and Silver Hunting Case, Duplex Lever & Swiss Watches both ladies and gents. A large assortment of Gold and Silver Watches, Carbuncle, Etruscan, Lava, Brilliant, Coral and Jet Sets, a choice assortment of Rings, Buttons, Bracelets, Timbales and Lockets, Gold Silver and Steel Specta, a good stock of Silver and plated ware and a variety of other articles too tedious to mention. Any article of Watches or Jewelry made to order in the shortest notice.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired and warranted by experienced workmen. DUFEU & MCCARTHEY.

2nd. Street opposite A. M. January & Son.

July 2-ly

## Hats.

A LARGE stock of superior Hats, embracing NEW YORK STYLE, French Standard, Soft, Wide and Stiff Brim Hats of every description, now in store and for sale by Wholesale and Retail.

se 4 M. R. BURGESS & SON.

## PERIODICAL DEPOT.

All the Monthlies and Weeklies such as HARPER, LESLIE,

NEW YORK MERCURY,

NEW YORK LEDGER,

WYVERLY'S MAGAZINE,

Always to be found at JOHN J. BRO-SSEE, Second Street.

sep 4-2m

## ATTRACTIONS!

## REDUCTIONS!!

## BARGAINS!!!

You save money by buying your Dry

Goods at the CHEAP STORE!!!!

FRESH ARRIVALS FROM AUCTIONS,

EVERY WEEK!!!!

## MULLINS & HUNT

BEG TO INFORM THEIR NUMER-

ous friends and old customers in Mason and adjoining counties, that their new establishment, opposite the Farmers Bank, to which they have recently removed, is complete in every department, and never on any former occasion have they been in such a position to present inducements to their patrons as the present.

Their Stock of HATS, (some manufactured expressly for the best class of Kentucky trade) is unequalled; and in the Carpet and House Furnishing department, the goods need but to be seen to command appreciation.

Their Stock of Dress Goods, comprising every article adapted to a Ladies wardrobe, deserves particular attention, embracing so many beautiful and recherche materials.

Economy is the order of the day, and to those who study it, we respectfully extend an invitation to call and examine our stock at the Cheap Dry Goods Store,

OPPOSITE THE FARMERS BANK, 2ND STREET.

MULLINS & HUNT.

Maysville, Ky. June 19, 1862.

## WHOLESALE LIQUOR

## —AND—

## Fancy Grocery Store!

I KE NELSON,

IMPORTER OF

Brandies, Wines, Gins,

AND ALL OTHER FOREIGN LIQUORS.

AND DEALER IN

FOREIGN FRUITS, OYSTERS, SAR-

DINES, NUTS, PRESERVE &c.

AND SUCH FANCY GROCERIES,

ALSO, TOBACCO, SEGARS &c.

OLD BOURBON and MONONGAHELA

WHISKIES, & DOMESTIC LIQ-

UORS IN GENERAL.

NOS. 47 & 49, WEST SIDE OF MARKET

August 7

IN addition to my already large assortment of Liquors and Fancy Goods, I have lately received and purchased for cash and can sell as low as any house in the West.

25 Pipes J. A. B. Brandy, 25 Quarts each do do do

5 Pipes United Proprietors Brandy, 25 Quarts each do do do

25 Pipes do do do do do

25 Pipes do do do do do

25 Pipes do do do do do

25 Pipes do do do do do



All my life long I had known Mary Moore. Our mothers were old playmates and first cousins. My first recollection is of a young gentleman in a turkey-red frock and morocco shoes, rocking a cradle, in which reposed a sunny-haired, blue-eyed baby, not quite a year old. The young gentleman was my uncle, Harry Church, that blue-eyed baby was Mary Moore.

Later still, I saw myself at the little red school house, drawing my painted sled up to the door, and arranging my overcoat upon it, that Mary might ride home. Many a black eye have I gained on such occasions, for other boys liked her besides me, and she, I am afraid, was something of a flirt, even in her pinafore. How daintily she came tripping down the steps when I called her name. How sweetly her blue eyes looked up to me from the envious folds of her winter hood. How gaily her merry laugh rang out, when by dint of superhuman exertions, I kept her sled before the rest, and let her stand upon the steps exultingly to see them all go by. The fairy laugh! No one but Mary could let her heart lie so on her lips. I followed her up to the door some day of childhood, till I grew to be an awkward blushing youth; I followed it through the heated noon of manhood; and now, when the frosts of age are silvering my hair, and many children climb to my knee and call me 'father,' I find that the memories of youth are strong, and that, gray hairs and all, I am following that music still.

When I was fifteen, the first great sorrow of my life came to me. I was sent away to a western school, and was obliged to part with Mary. We were not to see each other for three long years. This, to me, was like a sentence of death, for Mary was like life itself to me. But hearts are very tough things after all. I left college in all the flush and vigor of my nineteenth year. I had no longer awkward and embarrassing, I had grown into a self-sufficient stripling, with a very liberal opinion of myself in general and particular. If I thought of Mary Moore, it was to imagine how I would dazzle and bewilder her with my good looks and wonderful attainments, never thinking that she might dazzle and bewilder me still more.—I was a sad puppy, I know; but as youth and good looks have fled, I may be believed when I say that self-conceit has left me also.

An advantageous proposal was made to me at this time, and, accepting it, I gave up all idea of a profession, and prepared to go to the Indies. In my hurried visit home of two days I saw nothing of Mary Moore. She had gone to a boarding school in Massachusetts, and I did not expect her home until the next fall. I gave one sigh to the memory of my little blue-eyed play-mate and then called myself a man again.

'In a year,' I thought, as the stage whirled away from our door, 'in a year or three years at the most I will return, and if Mary is as pretty as she used to be—why, then, perhaps I may marry her.'

I stroked back my budding moustache with complacency, while I settled the future of a young lady I had not seen for four years. I never thought of the possibility of her refusing me—never dreamed that she would not stoop with grateful tears to pick up the handkerchief whenever I choose to throw it at her feet.

But now I know that had Mary met me, then she would have despised me. She is far above me as the heavens are above the earth. Perhaps, in the scented and affected student, she might have found plenty of sport; but as for loving me, or feeling the slightest interest in me, save a regret that I should make such an unmitigated donkey of myself, I know she would not.

India was my salvation, not merely because of the plentiful share of gold I had laid up, but because my earnest labor had counteracted the evil of nature and made me a better man. And when at the end of the three years I prepared to return, I had written nothing to the dear ones I was about to leave, of the reformations which I knew had taken place. 'They may be passing through my mind as I speak to myself,' and they shall find for themselves if I am worth the loving as I am.'

I packed up many a token from that land of gold for the friends I was about to meet. The gift for Mary Moore was one selected with a beating heart—a ring of rough, virgin gold, with my name and hers engraved inside. That was all, and yet the little toy thrilled me strangely as I balanced it upon the tip of my finger. To the eyes of others it was but a small, plain circlet, suggestive though perhaps, by its daintiness, of the dainty white hand that was about to wear it. But to me—oh, me—how much was embodied there! A loving smile on a beautiful face—two words of welcome—a happy heart and sweet smiling eyes—these had taken of my children to climb upon my knee—these all these delights were hidden in that ring of gold.

A tall, bearded, sun-bronzed man, I knocked at the door of my father's house. The lights in the parlor windows and the hum of conversation and cheerful laughter showed me that company was assembled there. I hoped my sister Lizzie would come to the door, and that I might greet my family when no strangers eyes were looking curiously on. But no, a servant girl answered my summons; they were too merry in the parlor to heed that long absent one when he asked for admittance. Some one had taken the chair where I was passing through my mind as I heard the sounds from the parlor, and saw the half-suppressed smile on the servant's face.

I hesitated a moment before I made myself known or asked after the family. And while I stood silent a strange apparition grew up before me. From behind the servant peered out a small, golden head—in tiny delicate form followed, and a sweet, childish face and blue eyes were lifted up to mine, so like the one that brightened my boyhood, that I started back with a sudden feeling of pain.

'What is your name be, little one?' I asked, while the wondering servant held the door.

She lifted up her hand as if to shade her eyes—I had seen that very attitude in another, in my boyhood, many and many a time—and answered in a sweet, bird-like voice—

'Mary Moore.'

'And what else?' I asked.

'Mary Moore Chester,' lisped the little child.

My heart sunk down like lead. Here was an end to all the bright dreams and hopes of my youth and manhood! Frank Chester, my boyish rival, who had tried in vain to usurp my place beside the girl, had succeeded at last and won the woman away from me! And I must go away and meet her again, and she would go with her for ever and meet her—she would go with her—

rank, body and soul, beneath this blow, and hiding my face in my hands, leaned against the door. The little one gazed at me, grieved and amazed, and put her pretty lips as if about to cry, while the perplexed servant stepped to the parlor, and called my sister out to find out who it could be that conducted himself so strangely.

I heard a light step and pleasant voice saying:

"Did you wish to see my father, sir?"

I looked up. There stood a pretty, sweet-faced maiden of twenty, not much changed from the dear sister I loved so well. I looked at her a moment, and then stifling the tumult of my heart by an effort, I opened my arms and said:

"Jennie! Oh, my brother Harry!" she cried, and threw herself upon my breast. "She weeps if his heart would break. I could not weep. I drew her gently into the lighted parlor, and stood with her before them all. There was a rush and a cry of joy, and then my mother and father sprang toward me and welcomed me home with heartfelt tears. Oh, strange and passing sweets such a greeting to the wayworn traveler. And as I held my dear old mother to my heart and grasped my father's hand, while Jennie clung beside me, I felt that all was not yet lost, and though another had secured life's choicest blessing, many a joy remained for me in this dear sanctuary of home.

"There were four others, inmates of the same room, who had risen on my sudden entrance. One was the blue-eyed child whom I had already seen, and who now stood by Frank Chester, clinging to his hand. Near by stood Lizzie, Mary Moore's eldest sister, and in a distant corner, where she had hurriedly retreated, when my name was spoken, stood a tall and slender figure, half hidden by the heavy window curtain that fell to the floor.

"When the first rapturous greeting was over, Jennie led me forward with a timid grace, and Frank Chester grasped my hand. "Welcome home, my home," he said, with loud, cheerful tones I remembered so well. "You have changed so I would never have known you; but no matter for that—your heart is in the right place, I know."

"How can you say he is changed?" said my mother gently. "To be sure he looks older and graver, and more like a man than when he went away; but his eyes and smile are the same as ever. It is that heavy heart that changes him—he is my boy still."

"How can you say he is changed?" I answered sally, "I am your boy still."

"God help me! At that moment I felt like a boy, and it would have been a blessed relief to have wept upon her bosom, as I had done in my infancy. But I kept down the beating of my heart, and the tremor of my lip, and answered quietly, as I looked in his full and handsome face—

"You have changed, too, Frank, but I think for the better."

"Oh, yes—thank you for your compliment. My wife tells me I grow handsomer every day."

His wife could I hear that name and keep still?

"And have you seen my little girl?" he asked, lifting the infant in his arms, and kissing her crimson cheek. "I tell you Harry, there is not another like her in the United States. Don't you think she looks very much like her mother used to?"

"Very much," I faltered.

"Hallo!" said Frank, with a suddenness that made me start violently; I had forgotten to introduce you to my wife. I believe you and she used to be playmates in your young days. Eh, Harry, and he slapped me on the back. "For the sake of old times, and because you were not at the wedding, I will give you leave to kiss her once; but mind, old fellow, don't repeat the ceremony.—Come, here she is, and for once I will manage those ferocious moustaches of yours in the operation!"

He pushed Lizzie, laughing and blushing, toward me, a zigzag of light and hope, almost too dazzling to bear, came over me, and I cried out before I thought, "Not Mary!"

It must have betrayed my secret to every one in the room, but nothing was said; even Frank was this time silent. I kissed the fair cheek of the young wife and hurried to the silent figure looking out of the window.

"Mary—Mary Moore," said I, in a low voice, "have you alone no welcome to give the wanderer!"

She turned and laid her hand in mine; and murmured hurriedly: I am glad to see you here, Harry."

Simple words!—and yet how bliest they made me! I would not have yielded up that moment for an emperor's crown. There was the happy home group, and the dear wife with her little hair pulled smoothly from her brow that has a lighter furrow in it, is still the Mary of my earlier days. To me she can never grow old or change. The heart that held her in infancy, and sheltered her piously in the flush and beauty of womanhood, can never cast her out till life shall cease to warm it. Nor even then, for love still lives in Heaven.

**MONEY IN THE SOUTH.**—The Frankfort (Ky.) correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer says:

The rebel officers had an abundance of gold. Where did they get it? In Tennessee. Northern gold, which was sent out by New York and Boston cotton-benters into Tennessee in July and August, so we cut our noses off. We enforce blockade, and then go to trading with the rebels, buying their produce with gold.

A gentleman arrived here from Middle Tennessee. He says gold is abundant there. United States notes are usually refused, but they are preferred to Confederate paper.

Every-body has an abundance of money. There is no great suffering among the people. They have enough to eat, but are at a standstill. The negroes were quiet, and every body was waiting to have the war come to an end.

Modesty in woman is like color on her cheek—decidedly becoming if not out of

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